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To his esteemed, and valued friends, & relatives
in Elizabethtown. N.Y. the following Chapter of
accidents, incidents, and other events, taken
down as they occurred during ten years of travel
by land, and sea; is respectfully dedicated
by the Author

Milo Falkner

I can well recollect, my mother gave
me my first flogging, when about two years old.
As my only means of revenge, I gave her the
important piece of intelligence, that I should
run away clear down to the "Ash House",
a feat which I performed with so much ease, and
satisfaction, that I determined from that hour
that I would astonish the world by my travels
and prove to my Mother, that she had ~~done~~ ^{been} a Man
notwithstanding she had given me a taste of Birch.
My disposition to travel, increased with my age
and in due time I sallied forth, commissioned to
find the Cows, and drive them straight home,
soon after this, I was put in charge, and
astride, of a Bag of Corn, and sent to Mill.
but my happiness, was not complete, until

one day Uncle Isaac, and Uncle Ben, took me
on top of a load of hay, and with Father's consent
drove me off clear down to the corner. In my
imagination, I was now at the end of the world
and Christopher Columbus never felt a greater
degree of satisfaction, on setting his foot on the
new world, ~~than~~ I did when Uncle Isaac took
me by the hand, and led me into Sudge Ross's
Store. I was a man, Mother's flogging to the
contrary notwithstanding. I well recollect however
that my wisdom, suffered a little in the eyes of
the world, when I asked Uncle Ben, "if we could
ever find the way home again" and when every
body present, laughed at my expense. Doctor Morse's
ho-ho-ho-ho, is still ringing in my ears.

Suffice it to say, we did find the way home
again, and our family had a full history of my
wonderful travels, and discoveries, before I allowed them
to sleep. As a matter of course, my wisdom kept
pace with my years. At one time I followed my
father out into the field, to ride on the ox sled,
and see father sow rye. It was very amusing
to me, to see him pour the grain out into a
pail, previous to scattering it over the ground
and when his back was turned, I very deliberately

untied the Bag and let the whole run out, in
a funny little stream, into the dirt. This was
capital fun, until my Father's voice like a peal of
thunder, changed my tune to B. flat. "O you little
rascal" now I'll whip you"; I'll learn you to spill
the eye! Of course my jig was up, but my answer
I shall never forget. Never mind dad, we can pick
it up again. He looked up at me, as much as to
say, I am the father of a pretty smart boy, but I must
flog him, or he will know too much. He did flog me
nicely but I scally believe my answer cut off half
the length of the lash, for I felt it lightly. I mention
these little things, to show how soon in life, particular
traits of Character show themselves, and I attribute
my success in getting so smoothly along in the world
as I have done; to acting on the principle involved
in my answer to my father. Never Mind, or in
other words, don't cry for spilt milk — Make the
best of everything, and don't get discouraged. This
disposition used to undergo a severe trial however
at times, for instance, when living with Uncle
John, My good Aunt Lucy used to skim her
milk twice, and put the cream in the old
wooden Churn, then she would turn it over
and skim the bottom and give me the sum

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not the substance of this last process. I used
sometimes to think it better to cry for Spilt milk
than to swallow double refined Skim Milk without
the privilege of crying, to take the taste of Blue out
of my mouth.

It is well known by all of
my relations that Uncle John's family was put up above
every body else, and as a natural consequence, above
themselves. The Colonel was determined that his Boys
should be Something in the world. — his Boys believing
the world only large enough for themselves, very honestly
concluded that every body else, could only be nothing,
and they acted accordingly. (excepting Norman, who was
ever a warm friend of mine). I could not exactly
believe their theory, in regard to the size of this
world, and determined that if I ever arrived at the
age of Manhood, I would try to find a little hole
somewhere, where I might creep out, and see for
myself. Accordingly on the 23^d day of September
1833 I cut loose from my moorings, and set out
to seek my fortune, and go up and down in the
Earth. I reached Nantucket and attached
myself to a Whale Ship bound into the Pacific
Ocean. This I was advised to do by my
Physician, who said I might take my choice

either to go to sea, or go ^{to} the grave, I replied that I preferred the voyage to the former place, decidedly, though I half repented it, afterwards. November 18. we got under weigh and put to sea, in company with the Ships Susan, and Lydia. We must have sailed on an unpropitious day, for the Lydia was afterwards burnt at sea, and the Susan was set on fire, which was extinguished after serious damage, and afterwards got on to a rock and damaged her bottom, and returned a dead loss to her owner. Our ship, (the Independence) was wrecked after two years, so out of the three, only one returned to tell the tale, ~~and she with her own trial some eyes~~ but I am anticipating, my story. At one o'clock P.M. I took a parting look at the blue hills of my native land as they were just sinking, in the dim distant horizon, and in a few minutes, my eye found nothing on which to rest, save the clear blue sky above, and the deep blue wave, which was rolling beneath me. Sweet, sweet home, the scenes, and friends of my youth far behind — and an unknown train of events about to break in upon me, thus I mused as the ship was rushing through the water, on her course, but my musing soon took another turn. The crew began to feel the motion of the ship.

and on casting my eyes around I saw them in all directions, some vomiting, some trying to vomit and others wishing to vomit but could not, fortunately for me. I was not in the least, sea sick.

Our Ships Company consisted of the Captain 2 Mates 3 Boat Steerers 1 Blacksmith 1 Carpenter and 14 hands., 22 all told, I officiated as carpenter, and lived in the Cabin.

After having been at sea a few days, one of our crew, a native of the Sandwich Islands died of consumption. he had left his sunny Isle, of perpetual Summer, to try our cold northern clime - had taken cold and died of a quick consumption, and now we were called upon, to witness the solemnities of a Funeral at Sea. The ship was "hove to the wind" (which means, placing her in such a position, that she would not go ahead.) - the body was brought to the gangway - sewed up in a blanket, and laid out on a long plank with a bag of sand tied to the feet. one end of the plank was laid on the rail of the ships side., and after a short prayer from Captain Brayton, the plank was tipped up and the body slid gently into the blue wave.

and sunk to rise no more, till the sea shall
disgorge its countless dead. I have often follow-
ed my fellow clay to its narrow house, and seen
the earth close over the victims of Death, but
never had I before experienced so great a solemnity
of feeling, as on this occasion, my first Ocean funeral.
Nature too, seemed clothed in the garb of mourning.
The sky was overcast, the wind groaned audibly
through the ship's rigging, and the treacherous
waves, rolled in majesty, as if triumphing over its
victim, veiling forever from human eyes,
The Ocean tomb, — the coral cave,
Where lies the lonely Seaman's grave.

About the 1st of January we took our first
whale. We were all seated at dinner (not around
a Mahogany table) when the man aloft sung out
"There She Blows," meaning there she spouts.
Whales, cried a dozen voices at once, every thing
was instantly in commotion, and — All hands —
Stand by the Boats — Lower away — Shove off —
Pull hard Boys — Lay back I say was
issued from the Stentorian voice of Cap. B.
before I fairly knew where I was, or what
was to pay, when I did come to myself

I found myself, making desperate use of an oar
in Capt B's Boat, which was fairly flying through
the water, in pursuit of the whales which were
about a mile from the ship. A few minutes
passed, as time is wont to pass sometimes, and
Bang! went 2 Harpoons into the Broadside of
one of the greasy monsters, who expressed his
views of the insult, by slapping his tail on to
the water with such tremendous force as to half
fill our boat with water, and then started off
with the speed of an arrow and we being
fast to him, by a long line, attached to the Harpoons.
were delighted to find ourselves moving over the
water in a manner calculated to make one think
that Rail roads, were but small affairs, after all,

Finding escape impossible, he stopped suddenly
and we hauled in the line which brought the
Boat close alongside of him, and 2 or 3 darts of
the Lance set him to sporting blood, and in a
few minutes, he lay, a helpless mass on the
water.

When we first went along side of
the Whale I confess, I wished myself up
Roaring Brook, catching Trout, but being in for it
I put the best face on, that I could, for my eyes

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which stuck out of my head, like two wooden Balls
on a Bulls horns, But when we went up to
kill him, after he had stopped running. My cour-
age came to the rescue, and before the Whale was
dead, I was quite as enthusiastic as any one and
ever after, I preferred going in the Boat, rather than
stay in the ship when Whales were in sight.
I give you below, a view of a Sperm Whale



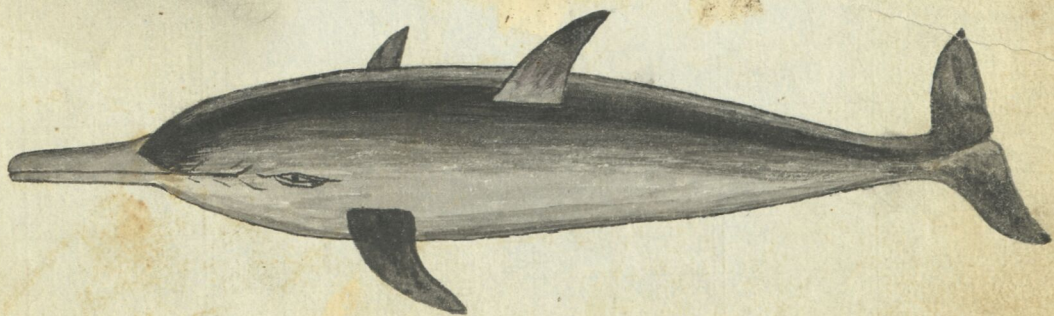
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Having the privilege of Capt. B's Books
I applied myself diligently to the study of
Navigation and in a few weeks had made
myself so familiar with the science that Capt. B.
made it a part of my duty to give him the
Ship's Latitude, and Longitude every day for the
whole voyage, This I found, both amusing and
instructive, In fact I began to look forward to
the day, when I should be Captain of my own
Ship, which I should have been, had not a more
agreeable business presented itself, and I have
a thousand times thanked my Stars, that I gave
up the sea for a livelihood, On board ship,
the Captains will is supreme, his word is law,
against which, resistance would be Mutiny
The consequence is, that 9 out of every 10 of them
are tyrants. I was determined to do my best
to please the Capt., and felt confident that I
should succeed, One morning Capt. B gave me
orders to go on deck, and get a piece of board to
make a shelf for his state room, I went immediately
but when I got on deck, the Mate called out to
me, to assist, in hoisting up a cask of water, out
of the hold, I replied that the Capt. had set me
about another job, So as I bid you! was the Mate

reply, and as a matter of course I was bound to obey him, for the Capt had ordered us all to obey the Mate, and said that disobedience to them, would be disobedience to himself, as they got their instructions from him. I took hold, and assisted the Mate the Capt coming up on deck at the same time, called out to me, to know why I was not making the shelf; said he, did not I order you to make a shelf? yes sir, I replied, but the Mate called me away; not a word out of your head!! you Jack Ass if you disobey me again, I will flog you!!" was his reply. I saw at once my mistake, and determined that I would for the future, obey the Capt in preference to the Mate, when receiving orders from both. A few days after this, the Capt gave me another job, to be done in haste. I went on deck and commenced it, and the Mate came up to me and ordered me to assist him in stowing the Anchors. I told him what orders the Capt had given, and related the difficulty that I got into by leaving my work before. Down you, and your impudence do as I bid you was his reply. Mr Gardner, said I; I cannot leave my work. I cannot disobey the Capt. He flew in a rage and went below and told the Capt, that

I refused to obey him. They both came on deck
 and the Cap^t. Roared out in a voice of thunder
 and asked me if I had refused to obey the Mate.
 I replied that the mate had ordered me to leave
 the work which he (the Cap^t.) had set me at, and
 I refused to leave it. have I not told you
that to disobey my Mate, is to disobey me? said he
 yes Sir, said I, but the other day - Not a word
out of your head you scoundrel! go to your
 duty, and the next syllable of Complaint against
 you, I will tie you up, and give you a dozen
lashes!! at the same time bringing the toe of his
 boot evidently, into a dangerous proximity to my
 fundamental parts, by way of assisting me in
 the practice of locomotion; which was decidedly
 the most impressive point of the discourse.
 Now said I to myself, I have tried to please
 the Cap^t. and Mate, but have failed. but I
 know of one man in the ship, that it shall
 be my study to please, hereafter, and that is my
 own precious self. The above is a fair sample
 of law and justice, on board of nine tenths of the
 ships at sea. The love of rule is so prominent
 in our race, that perhaps I should be as much
 of a tyrant as the best of them, if I had the power

I very soon became familiar with the duty
of managing the ship and if I could only have
learned to Chew tobacco - drink Rum - Swear -
and lie I should have been a first rate sailor

We continued our course towards Cape Horn
with nothing to break the monotony of a Sea life
except now, and then, a School of Porpoises, would
play around the ship, in their antic gambols, till
one of them would find himself coming up the ship's
side with a Harpoon in his back. They are excellent
eating, are warm blooded - and like the Whale, breathe
atmospheric air - and suckle their young; they are about
6 feet long and the tail lies flat, instead of horizontal
like the common fish - See Picture -



In Latitude 40 degrees South we fell in with Ice. We had been running through the night with a very strong breeze, till 2 o'clock in the morning, when it died away calm; at daylight we found ourselves in the midst of ten Icebergs, that stood like so many crystal monuments, erected by the hand of nature, wooing the admiration of the beholder, nor did she display her charms in vain, for I gladly exchanged a good breakfast for the pleasure of gazing and admiring. The largest one, was about 300 feet high, and more than 2 miles in length.

The risk we had run, was frightful, for had the ship bumped her nose against one of them there would not have been a soul left to tell the tale of our destruction, and had the wind continued half an hour longer, we must almost certainly have struck and gone down, We were not looking out for Ice so far to the north, as it seldom comes further than 58 or 60 degrees South Lat.

This Ice is made by fresh water on the shores near the South Pole; it runs off and forms a large mountain overhanging the sea when its weight breaks it down and it floats off and is driven about the Ocean, by winds, and waves, a terror to navigators who fall in with them -

Ice is known to float only one third of its bulk
above water consequently the Island which we saw
must have been about nine hundred feet in diameter



Ice Islands, in the South Atlantic

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In the afternoon while still in sight of the
Ice we saw whales, and took one, large one
I was in the Boat, when he came up under us
and lifted us, boat and all, out of water on his back.
Cap^t B thrust another Harpoon in his back while
in this position and he sunk with the pain and
we made the best use of our time, in getting out of
danger; in 6 minutes he was dead - that enormous
mass of living matter that, (had he known his strength)
could with one blow, sent us and our ship, to the
bottom of the Ocean, now lay motionless, a helpless
carcase. I never before felt so great a flow of
courage, and ambition, nor realized my own strength
as I did, when I saw for a certainty that he
was dead, - and that I had been one of 6 men
that in less than ten minutes, had slain the
lord of the Ocean, he made us 75 Barrels of Oil
The largest Whale that I ever saw I measured
myself - length of body 64 feet - length of under jaw
17 feet 5 inches, and Breadth of tail 17 feet 8 inches
he made 112 Barrels of Oil 52 of which we took
from the head. The smallest one I ever saw
we hoisted on deck whole. it made 1 Barrell of
Oil - measured 18 feet in length. was about 3 days
old, - a pretty good sized calf -

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We saw Staten Land, and passed Cape Horn
on the 8th of March 1834 - this was the first land seen
after leaving our own dear native shore -

We had been out now, about four months, and
were making calculations on putting into some port on
the South American coast, to get fresh provisions, and
water. Capt. B. decided on touching at Port Concepcion
and on the coast of Chili and stood in for the land.

The first that we saw of the coast was the snow
capped top of the Andes, towering above the clouds,
although we were near 150 miles off. The next
morning, we saw the lower line of coast, and got
up our Anchors and cables, to be in readiness
to come to anchor. expecting in a few hours, to
be on shore.

A strong land breeze sprang up
and the top-gallant sails were taken in, and
two men sent up to furl them. They had just
reached the yard of the Fore top gallant sail, where
the fore topmast went by the board, precipitating the
men into the water from a height of ninety feet.

A Man Overboard! rang through the ship, and
a Boat was unlash'd - lowered away, into the water
and myself and 4 others jumped in and went
in search of them - but the ship had gone near
a quarter of a mile before she could be stopped.

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He however succeeded in finding one of the men who had kept himself above water although he had on 2 Woolen Shirts 2 pair of Stockings - thick Boots - and a thick Woolen Jacket. The other Man was probably killed by the fall, as he never was seen after he fell. When the order was given to furl the top gallant sail, I was the first to start and had got a part of the way up the rigging, when the Mate called me down, to do something else, and sent the man in my place, who was lost, had I gone up - this Journal would never have been written.

In consequence of having lost our fore top Mast - we were unable to go in to port, and put away for Callao - Lima, coast of Peru, where we arrived on the 1st of April. Callao, is the sea port of the City of Lima, which lies about 9 miles inland and on the side of a high Mountain, its lofty domes, and towering spires rising high above the dark walls that surround this ancient City.

The next day after our arrival being the Sabbath, I chose not to go on shore, but others of the crew, who did go, gave me a history of the Sabbath, as kept in a Roman Catholic Community. The day was opened by 80 guns from the Fort and firing was continued at intervals through the day.

A Chime of Bells tolled, at 9 o'clock, playing a tune, the sounds coming off to us on the water were the most delightful of anything I ever heard, the atmosphere was perfectly clear and notwithstanding the Bells were from the City, nine miles distant, I could hear every sound distinctly. At 10 o'clock Service commenced in the Cathedral - Mass was said and the other forms of catholic worship observed, which occupied near an hours time, when the assembly broke up. In the afternoon cock fighting - gambling in all its forms, was to be seen at every corner of the street and among the crowd might be seen, the Priests who a few hours before, were pardoning the sins of the multitude, holding the first bet on a pair of Fighting Cocks - drinking - and carousing with as much noisy mirth, as the most profligate.

The inhabitants are mostly Spaniards and Portuguese, with a few, of all nations. One Monday I took a stroll on shore, and glad was I, once more to tread on earth. The houses here are built of light materials and principally but one story high. to guard against the effects of earthquakes which are so frequent here. The streets are narrow, and filthy and crowded with naked children and ragged beggars, whose importunities met me at every corner.

This, once splendid, wealthy city, whose foundations were laid in blood, by the Tyrant Pizarro has ever since, been the scene of War, and desolation and now a civil war is raging, which may not soon be quelled. Two days since, an engagement took place a few miles back of the city, in which 50 lives were lost. We heard the cannonading before we saw the land. I made my way through the narrow streets in search of something curious or interesting, and was soon gratified by meeting two tolerably well clad Ladies, both astride of one Jack ass, which was pacing off the dirty streets to the tune of two stout cudgels wielded by the brawny arms of the fair riders. Turning off to the right I left the city and proceeded back about two miles where I found myself among the ruins of Bellavista once a populous place but which was destroyed by Gen Bolivar during his campaign in this city. a few walls are now standing and here, and there, a small hut containing some half dozen of hogs, and Spaniards, to say no of smaller vermin. Returning to the city I bent my steps towards the Cathedral. and was met at the door by an old Friar who beckoned me in, and after learning my name

in the chapel. he made me cross myself with Holy water, and after pocketing the sixpence which I had given him, led the way to the interior. The first that attracted my attention was the way figures of the Apostles, as large as life, and dressed in the old Jewish costume neatly arranged in niches, in the walls of the building; farther along stood the Virgin Mary, with the Babe of Bethlehem reclining in her arms. and next stood a large wooden Crucifix ornamented with silver, and the representation of our Saviour just expiring on the cross. And last of all, in a large Sepulchre was laid a beautiful Sarcophagus of rich wood, inlaid with gold and silver containing the Saviour, in wax, after taken down from the cross. The Sepulchre was covering with very rich damask velvet. Curtains ornamented with gold and silver lace.

My mind was deeply agitated, as I beheld these lively representations of the death, and suffering of our Saviour, and reflected that they only existed to be abused, — that instead of the house of God, I was then standing in the temple of bigotry and superstition. While musing thus, my guide beckoned me to follow him, and leading the way we soon found ourselves in the enclosure where the mass was read, accompanied by a choir of monks.

as a repository of the Catholic, dead.

When a person dies, if a Catholic, his body is interred until the flesh is decayed, when the bones are carefully taken up, and thrown into a common vault, where lies in one promiscuous mass, several tons of human bones, bleaching in the sun. This "golgotha" is enclosed by a Brick wall fifteen feet high, and contains about one acre of ground, which is literally paved with dead mens bones. If the person deceased, is a foreigner, or Protestant his heretical body is carried out of the city, and left exposed to the prey of Vultures, unless he have some kind friend or countryman to give him a burial out of the suburbs - or on the old ruins, as no protestant is allowed a burial in the city.

I know that our civilities to the dead are alike unavailing, to body, or soul. but I would not have the remains of what was once human, treated with such brutality as the Protestant dead are sure to receive from the hands of the Catholic Religious Clergy. The Island of St. Louis directly opposite the harbour, which was raised out of the Ocean in the great Earthquake, is now used by Ship Masters as a burying ground for

American, and English, Seamen.

Having received a parting benediction from the old Friar my guide, I took a stroll down to the ruins of the old city of Callao, which was sunk by the great Earthquake of 1744. The first thing that attracted my notice, was a large room under ground which had once been the habitation of wealth, but which now served as a shelter for goats. The surface of the earth here, for 3 miles in circumference, is distorted with the tops of houses, with here and there sections of walls, caught by the gaping earth under its convulsions, during that awful calamity, which buried several thousands of the unsuspecting inhabitants, without a moment's warning. The sight of these ruins is made more hideous still, by the hundreds of unburied bodies that have been left here to rot, the victims of War, famine, and pestilence and proscribed a decent burial by the polluted Roman Catholic creed. This scene was too painful for me to witness with any degree of pleasure, and I hastened to the pier where a Boat was in readiness to take me off to the Ship. The Sun was just sinking in the west - our boat was moving noiselessly over the water which lay under us, like a vast mirror -

one man at the mast head, another at the

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and my mind which was already oppressed with melancholy was still more so. when the tones of the vesper bell from the Cathedral at Lima came stealing over the water, reminding me of the scenes of my youth. Memory, that faithful monitor, came to my aid, and fancy, with the arrow-flight, had already transported me across two Oceans to the spot, where first I trod my Mother Earth.

Gold: mines of Gold would I have given for one hour's greeting of My friends at home those friends who had smoothed the pillow of distress and ministered to my wants in the hour of sickness. An involuntary sigh escaped my breast, I choked, swallowed, and thus perished the tender emotion, as soon as it breathed itself into existence; the sleeve of my coat, had been suddenly drawn across my eyes, and the little miniature storm was over. To the world this would have appeared, weakness; but I had for the moment, forgotten that I was a "Citizen of the world."

After having gained our supply of water, and some other necessaries we took anchor and put to sea, and in a few days found ourselves snugly moored, in Payta; (Point Blanco) where we were to get our supply of Potatoes, which were not to be obtained at Lima. This place if possible is ten times more desolate than Callao, or Lima, not a vestige of verdure presents itself, the whole coast being one vast succession, of Barren plains, and sand hills. The only thing, that seemed to have life, was the vast droves of Jack Asses, and Goats, and if the assertion is true, that Goats will live best on "Nothing": they certainly have fine pasture here. Even the water, used by the inhabitants, is brought from a distance of 40 Miles in leather bags, thrown across the backs of the Jack Asses, that are seen coming in, every morning in droves; the water of course is to be obtained only at a price, and is a great expence to the city. It never rains here, but the dew which falls is so abundant as to supply the wants of the animals. This place is in 5 degrees South Latitude, consequently is very hot, at all times of the year. but is never considered unhealthy.

one man at one place need, and another at another

Like Lima, its inhabitants are composed of all nations, but principally Spaniards. Most of the Americans, and English residing here are of the lowest dregs of society; run-away sailors, and out-laws, who have good reason for leaving their country. Add to the Licentious depravity of these, the treacherous duplicity of the Spanish inhabitants, and you have one of the most perfect pictures, of the "City of Abominations." There are however, a few respectable American residents, who stand out in "bold relief," in this dark picture.

Having obtained our Potatoes ~~Potatoes~~ which were brought from a distance in the interior, we stood away for the Gallapagos Islands, on the Equator, where we arrived in a few days, and anchored in a little bay on Hood's Island, one of the group.

These Islands are few in number and uninhabited except one, on which convicts are confined, from the coast of Peru; they are remarkable for the numbers of Terrapin (or land Turtle) which are found, and as they have the art of living, and getting fat, on the

economical principle of the Dutchman's Horse they are much sought after, and thousands of them are annually taken, by Ships, who pass in this vicinity this was our object, in touching here.

Having prepared ourselves for a "rough and tumble" cruise, on shore, we landed and commenced an attack upon the unsuspecting, "Terrapin" population.

I wandered away inland, about two miles and finding one of rather large dimensions I proceeded to tie his legs together, having done this I thrust my arms through between his legs, and tied his mouth up, to keep his teeth in subjection and marched off with him on my back, in the shape of a footman's pack, and after two hours tedious travel over rocks, in the heat of the tropical sun, I reached the boat, and disburdened myself of my load. The Terrapin, is much better than the Sea Turtle though not so much sought after; they weigh from 20, to 500 pounds.

The smaller ones however, being the most preferable. During our stay of 6 days, we took off near 400 of them, which gave us a supply of fresh meat, for seven months. many of them were stowed away in the Ship's hold where they could neither

one man or one must read, a sign of our

obtain food, or water; yet after several months they were taken up, and found to be in better condition than when first taken; this fact I can vouch for, as I was an eye witness, and saw several, after they had been killed, and they all contained a bladder (or bag) of cold fresh water in the stomach. This is the case on shore they suck up the dew (it never rains) and sailors who have been lost over night, in wandering over the country; slake their thirst by killing a Terrapin, and cutting out the water bag. Another peculiarity, is their tenacity of life, cutting off the head of a Terrapin only has the effect, to set his legs in motion. I ^{have} seen them lie for hours, thus decapitated and they would only let go their hold of life when cut up piece meal, and in the pot with the cover on - They subsist on the leaves of the cabbage tree, as they fall to the ground.

They are the only land animal found here though several Seal, are found along the shore.

Among the Birds are the Owl, Starling and Turtle Dove, the Birds being so tame and "unacquainted with man" as to light on my hat, and shoulders, perfectly unconscious of danger.

The Reptile kind, are the Lizard, Centipede, and Iguana. While walking along the Sand beach one day, I observed the sand, near me to move, and in a few seconds, a young Sea Tortoise crept out, and made for the water and was soon seen floating out to sea, in its native element.

I stood still for some ten minutes, and counted some 75 or 80 as they crept out of the sand, where they had just been hatched, by the heat of the Sun. I took two of them from the nest, wrapped them up closely in my handkerchief, and carried them several rods inland, but immediately on setting them at liberty, they scrambled away for the sea shore. I turned them round and tried to drive them in another direction, and notwithstanding they had never seen salt water they travelled as straight for the water, as if they had been familiar with the route for years.

Having obtained our supply of provisions, and vegetables, we put to sea, in search of Whales not expecting to see land again for six months.

We cruised near the Equator, in Longitude from 100, to 130, deg west, where we took in 800 Bbls of sperm Oil and on the 2^d day of November the man at the Mast head, delighted our ears

by the welcome cry of Land ho!, being the Marquesa Islands. and in a few minutes we found ourselves among a school of Whales numbering some 50 or 60. The Boats were lowered and succeeded in killing fourteen, Seven only of which we saved, the others having sunk.

The female Whale is much smaller than the Male. Seldom yielding more than 30 or 40 Bbls they go in drows (or schools). the seven which we took, yielded 140 Bbls.

Having stowed away our Oil we stood away for the land and on approaching within 8 miles, a canoe was seen paddling towards us. they came alongside of the Ship and one who seemed to be their leader, came on board, leaving the others, 4 in number in the canoe. They were of a light copper color, absolutely naked not even having on ~~was~~ a wreath of leaves, to cover their nakedness.

Bacco, Bacco, was their first enquiry and in a few minutes, a pile of Coconuts was obtained for two or three plugs of Tobacco. Being near night Capt B thought best to stand off, till daylight. Our native guest signified a wish to stop on board, which was granted.

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and the Canoe containing the rest of his comrades, put away for the shore.. Capt B gave our new comier a Shirt, and Trowsers and made signs to him to put them on; he very deliberately Shoved his legs through the Shirt sleeves, and tied the Trowsers round his neck by the legs exclaiming Maitaki! (good)

A merry peal of laughter rang through the ship, at his expence, which he responded to, by a broad grin, showing a beautiful set of ivory

We made him Sing, dance, and play all manner of "antics" for our amusement. and finally got him down into the cabin at the table and gave him a knife and fork, which he thrust into his frizzly head of hair and proceeded to help himself bountifully out of his plate with his fingers, and in two minutes his cheeks stuck out, like a Striped Squirrel, and both hands employed in transporting the fodder to his grinders, and to finish the farce. he clutched up a plate full of cold meat and Bread which he rolled up in the flap of his Shirt, and marched up on deck carrying off the knife and fork in his hair which he calculated, to have appropriated to his own use

At daylight we stood in for the land, until within about 4 miles when the ship was hove aback and preparations made for going on shore with the Boats, to obtain, a few Hogs. I was one of the party chosen to go on shore.

Having armed ourselves with Muskets and Pistols we pulled away to a little bay on the Lee side of the Island, accompanied by our new guest, who acted as a guide. We approached within a few yards of the beach, and "hove to" when "mr guide" jumped overboard and swam on shore, and was instantly stripped of his new suit by the rude thousands who thronged the shore and rent the air in an unintelligible chorus of voices. They beckoned us to come on shore but we did not feel safe, to throw ourselves in their power. They however swam off to us by hundreds, men, women, and children till the water was alive with them, and they threatened to sink us, when we drove them off with the Oars, and Boat Hooks.

The King sat on the Beach arrayed in the attire of nudity, most fantastically tattooed. He refused to sell Hogs without receiving Muskets in return. and we left

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3
them "alone in their glory" and returned to the ship, the natives expressing their anger that we had not put ourselves in their power by letting fly a Shower of Stones at us, which fell harmlessly behind us. In a few minutes we perceived several Canoes making for us, but our whale Boats, carried the longest legs, and they had their labor in vain. This Island is one not frequently visited by Ships, and the natives are in a Savage State, and would be likely to attack visitors for the sake of plunder. After hoisting up and securing the Boats, we stood away for Nukuhiva, another of the Marquesa Islands, where Ships frequently resort to get their Supplies, and at daylight found ourselves close in, and steered for Massachusetts Bay, and dropped anchor, right opposite a little eminence on which Commodore Porter erected a Battery, to protect his prize Ships, which were laying here, during the last war, with England.

Then within a quarter of a mile of the anchorage the natives who had swam off to us, completely filled the ship so that it was necessary to drive them overboard before we could furl the Ships sails.

After having got "everything snug," half of the crew, including myself took a Boat and went on shore, as soon as the Boat touched bottom in shoal water, the natives who crowded around the landing waded in and carried us ashore, on their backs to prevent our wetting our feet. If I at first, considered this an act of disinterested friendship, I was soon reminded of my mistake by having my benefactor, shove his hand into my pocket (fortunately there was nobody at home) and run.

We were instantly surrounded by some thousands of men, women, and children, who followed us along the shore, expressing their joy, by running, leaping, feeling of our pockets, and shouting forth volumes of (to us), unintelligible jargon which we were left to interpret at our leisure. We followed them back from the shore into a grove of Coconut and Bread Fruit Trees, and found ourselves, in the vicinity of a little village of Huts, where we were welcomed by their inmates, who no doubt anticipated fine plunder. The natives of these Islands are finely formed, of a light copper color, Black coarse hair Black Eyes, and beautiful white teeth. They wear no dress except a few, who may have exchanged a few Pigs, or Potatoes, with some ship

for a Red Shirt, or some solitary article of "cast-off" clothing, in which case they show themselves off, with a great degree of Pride. I was quite amused on seeing a tall Stout native marching up and down the Shore with an air of "Dandyism", that would have done credit to Broadway, in New York; Showing off his new Suit in the latest fashion, which consisted of a Black neck Stock buckled tight under his chin, choking him almost to suffocation; while ~~was~~ the rest of his mortal body was as naked as Adam; Another might be seen with a thick woolen Coat on, his legs sticking down from under the Skirts, like the ~~the~~ prongs of a Pitch Fork, and about as crooked; and the third a promising youth, was fairly transplanted into a sevenly nine, pair of Cow hide Boots, the legs coming up so high, that he could sit on the tops without climbing out, "and on his head he had a hat" a Broad Brimmed Hat, as broad, as the grin of delight, that sat on his "open countenance", or the broad haw! haw! that some of my Elizabethtown friends, will be very likely to perpetrate, on reading this simple description, taken from actual observation by your humble servant.

They are an indolent race, in fact they have no motive for industry, as nature supplies all their wants. Clothing, they have no necessity for, and the trees supply them abundantly with fruits, among which are found the Cocoanut, Bread Fruit, wild apple, Papaia (resembling a musk Melon), the Bananna, and Plantain, that they obtain in abundance, at all Seasons of the year.

They also have an unfailing supply, of Fish, Hogs, Dogs, and Fowls, all of which they eat.

They are also a warlike people, and eat the dead of their enemies - are constantly at war with each other, They have no Marriage ceremony but live promiscuously. A Man ~~chooses~~^{selects} a wife and keeps her as long as he chooses, and if dissatisfied exchanges her for some more agreeable companion, or two or more of them, if he likes. And any man will sell his wife to a sailor, for a plug of Tobacco.

I was an eye witness to this prostitution of virtue, in one instance, the woman had earned a plug of tobacco, and as soon as she came out of the hut, her husband (who had been watching her) gave chase to her, and took the Tobacco from her, after a short squabble. Their daughters

are made hieslings in iniquity at the age of 9 or 10 years, it would seem impossible, but I know the fact. It has been, and still is the practice of most of the Ships, who visit these Islands, to allow the Women to come on board, and of course every sailor has his temporary wife while he remains, and when he leaves, she is remunerated with a present of a handkerchief, or a few plugs of tobacco, thus iniquity flourishes, under the sanction of our own countrymen. Capt B gave out the information to all hands that such would not be the regulations of his Ship, and that the first man that had a Squaw on board, he would tie up, and flog him, on the bare back.

Several runaway sailors are living here among the natives and some of them have adopted their mode of life. One American I saw, as naked as he came into the world, except a pocket handkerchief tied around his hips. It requires great time and exertion, to civilize a savage, but it takes but little of either, to make a savage of an American, or Englishman, this is a humiliating fact. and they make more desperate savages than the ignorant natives

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These natives, are, like all Savages; very affectionate, and benevolent; that is, they form a strong attachment, to any little article that they can lay their hands on, and save you the trouble of taking any further care of it, by doing you the favor to appropriate it to their own private use. We found it necessary to lock up, or secrete, everything on board the Ship that we thought movable. The men would swim off, and come on board in spite of us, and succeeded in carrying off many little articles; if a spike, or nail, should be lying on deck beside one of us, they would manage to pick it up with their toes and look us in the face at the same time. I determined to "come it" over some of them, and accordingly heated a large iron spike, red hot, and dropped it carefully on deck and stood near it, with my head partially turned from it, and in less than half a Minute a great Barefooted native came slyly up - clapped his foot on the spike, I heard it fry, and sizzle about two seconds before the news got up to his head, Whoo!! and overboard he went like a Seabird Cat leaving the entire skin of his foot frying on the

Spike. As soon as he gained the top of the water, he sung out to the other natives on board and relate to them his troubles, and they fearing some farther tricks, jumped overboard, and swam on shore. A Ship, that left here, some time since had a Blacksmith's Anvil, Stolen, and carried on shore by the natives, who threw it overboard and although the water was 60 feet deep they carried it ashore on the bottom, a distance of a quarter of a mile. Some fifty of them were engaged in the theft, one would dive down and carry it as long as he could stay below and he would come up, and shout, and mut another going down; so they kept a string of them going up, and down, till the Anvil was carried ashore, where I saw it, lying useless on the beach. They would steal the meat out of the frying pan if the Cook happened to turn his head away from it. One attempted ^{it} and before he got overboard with it, the Cook let fly a pot of hot tea all over his bare back, and the way he danced "Jim Crow" would have been a caution to Davy crockett. he jumped up twice turned a complete somerset overboard kalumpus and gey dug water for the shore, like a Porpoise

Two of our men, Gibson, and Otwood, one day set out for an excursion of pleasure taking a Musket, in hopes to shoot a few Ducks. When about a mile from the Shore they entered a thicket, and were instantly surrounded by about 50 Savages. armed with Stones, One of them seized hold of the Musket which Otwood (being a stout man) held on to.

presently another came to the assistance of the first, but both were not able to take the Musket. A sudden yell, and a Shower of Stones told that it was a critical period in the worldly concerns of Gibson, and Otwood, he tried several times to get his gun off but it misfired. He then clasped it firmly in one hand and with the other, got out his sack knife, opened it with his teeth, and with one deadly blow ripped up the belly of the large native who held on to the musket; his bowels gushed out, and he fell, during this time Gibson had been knocked down by a Stone, which struck him in the forehead cutting through two thicknesses of his wood hat, and laying his Skull bare for three inches in length. He recovered, rose and with the same Stone knocked down the other native who

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was still struggling for the gun; he lay beside
his fallen Companion apparently dead. The mob
on seeing two of their number fallen, stopped back
a few paces, which gave our heroes a chance
to run, which they did, as if their lives lay in
their heels, and the whole legion of natives after
them.

I have somewhere seen an anecdote
of an aspiring youth, whose "voice was for War"
he enlisted in the service of his country, and having
obtained a large breast plate, to protect his heart
from danger, he asked his father (who rather
doubted his courage), in what part of his mortal
system that delicate organ lay. Dad? said he
where shall I tie on this piece of brass to protect
my heart? Why boy, said he, it will be likely
to be of the most service to you, on the seat of
your pantaloons, - and there he fixed it.

In the first engagement our little hero took
to his heels, at the first fire, and while thus
increasing the distance between himself, and danger
a musket ball struck the breast plate, while he
was getting over a fence. By golly, said he, how
could dad tell, so exactly, where my heart lay?

So with our two heroes, they made a running
fight of it, but were several times knocked

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by stones, and severely bruised.

As good luck would have it, a boat had just gone ashore, and they jumped into her just in time to prevent being taken by the Mob, who were close at their heels, and who vented their rage, by letting fly a volley of stones at the Boat, as she was going off to the Ship.

Altwood never relinquished his hold of the gun till he got on board of the ship, where he snapped it and it went off the first time when he smashed it on deck, for having failed him in trouble. It was really a narrow escape.

It is melancholly to reflect that one of them had been killed, and perhaps two, but this is probably all that saved the lives, of Altwood and Gibson. Captain B and myself armed ourselves and went on shore. I stayed by the Boat with loaded Muskets ready to shoot off at a moment's warning, in case of an attack. Capt B with two Pistols in his pockets walked up to the house of the Chief, and demanded an explanation, and satisfaction for the outrage.

It appeared that the attack was made by a tribe from the Mountains who were at war with the tribe, at the Sea Side

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The Old Chief was loud in his entreaties for us to join him in an attack upon their enemies, at the same time assuring us that any insult offered us by any of his subjects would be punished with death,

Having received this information, our minds were at ~~much~~ ease. The natives worship Idols made of Wood and sometimes offer human sacrifice. they hang their dead, in the branches of the trees, until the flesh is decayed when the bones are collected and buried in the house of the relatives. We had now obtained our supply of: Wood, Water, and provisions, for another long cruise, and taking leave of our native friends, we took our anchor and put to sea.

From this time to the first of April 1835 We cruised near the Equator in Longitude from 130, to 150, West. April first, dropped anchor at Oryhee, one of the Sandwich Islands where we remained two weeks. The Mountains on this Island are among the first Class, being 15 thousand feet high, and covered with perpetual snow; in one of these mountains, is one of the largest Volcanoes in the world: it is in

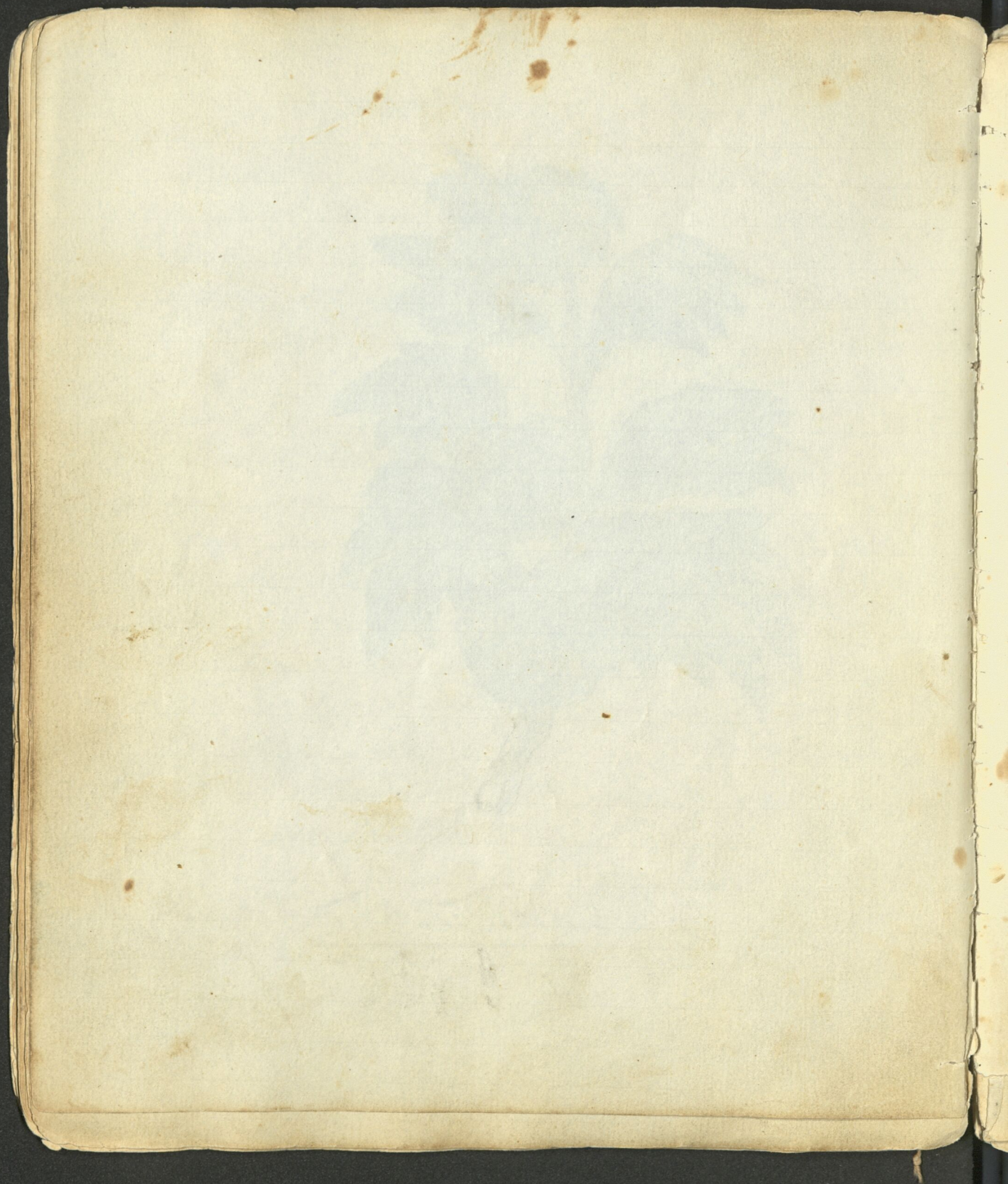
42
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constant action. The reflection of the fire, on the clouds is seen every night, and is one of the most Magnificent sights, I ever behold although the Volcano is 40 miles distant.

This is a beautiful Island, as seen from the harbor, the tall Coconut and Bread fruit trees bending under the weight of their fruit. The Bread fruit is delicious when baked, tasting something like sweetened cream is very much in appearance like fresh bread, as large as a Small Water Melon, the skin is thin, but rough. On the opposite page I have drawn and painted a Small branch of the tree, with two of the fruit which are an exact resemblance of shape, and color.

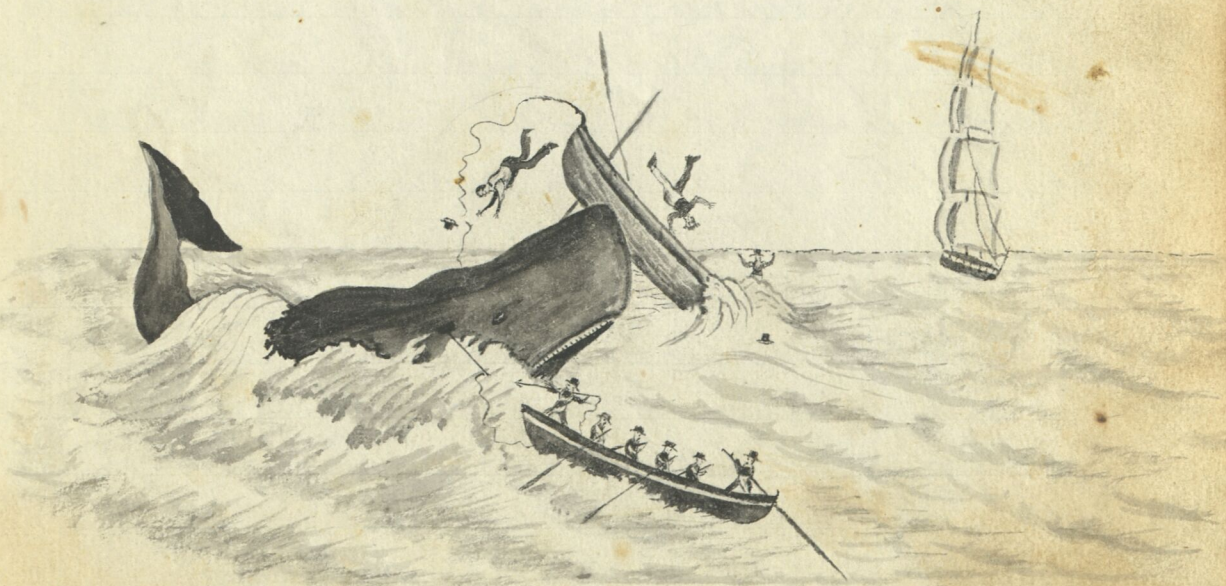
Having obtained our Supplies, we visited the other Islands of the group, and steered our course for the Coast of Japan, where we cruised 5 months, and in November returned again to the Sandwich Islands for a fresh supply of vegetables.



Bread Fruit Tree



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During this last cruise, on the coast of
Japan. We took 800 Bbls of Oil, and met
with no accident except having a Boat knocked
to pieces by a Whale and the crew tossed up
in every direction, but nobody hurt.



On the 19th of November 1835 We took anchor and stood out to sea, intending to cruise a few weeks, and shape our course homeward, but on the night of the 14th of December at eleven O'clock our good Ship struck the rocks, on the shore of Starbuck Island, and very quietly laid her bones to rest. As my friends have already perused a published account of the accident, I shall here, merely give a brief outline. The Ship struck the rocks with such force as to crush her bottom and she lay embedded in the rocks, where she broke in the middle, and every breaker, as the surf came tumbling in, dashed over her deck, in a sheet of foam. The Island, is uninhabited and destitute of wood or water, a barren sand bank. We remained here 10 days and 12 of us took the Boats, and stood for the Society Islands, leaving ten men on the Island, by the wreck. The Goats, Hogs, Fowls, and Turkeys run wild, after landing on the Island. After 19 days passage in the Boats, we landed on the Islands of Baratogua, having sailed near 15 hundred miles in a small Boat in the broad Pacific

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After remaining here a month a ship
hove in sight and took us off, and proceeded
to the Society Islands. Where my comrades took
passage for home. As for me, my object was
not accomplished, and I could not think a moment
of returning home pennyless. I had lost six
hundred dollars, by the ship wreck, and now
"stood in" the whole amount of my earthly goods
and Chattels. I had during my short visit
to the Sandwich Islands, formed an attachment
to that climate. and as the ship which had
rescued us, was bound to that port, after a
cruise of six months; I joined her.

Leaving the Society Islands, we returned
to Raratynga (about one thousand Miles distant)
where we took in a fresh stock of provisions
and stood away to the Westward. and in a
few days made the Navigator Islands.

Here we remained near a week. These
Islands are very high, and thickly inhabited
Very little improvement has been made among
the natives here, in fact they are perfect
savages, and rendered more so, by the
hordes of runaway sailors who infest these
Islands, & who instead of enlightning the natives

become as much more desperate savages as their superior intellect, and knowledge is above the natives. It may seem strange to a mind unacquainted with the world, and human nature, that men born and bred in a Christian land, who know the blessings of civilization — of friends and society, can thus sink themselves down, below the level of the brute, or the savage, but such is the case in thousands of instances.

In fact it is almost impossible to find an island, through the whole length and breadth of the Pacific Ocean that does not contain one or more, Americans, or Englishmen living in most instances, in a state of wretchedness, filth, and poverty. When once free from the restraints of society, the worst passions, and propensities of poor human nature, take deep, & speedy root, and bring forth their fruit in abundance. Thus sailors who perhaps have Christian parents, — Brothers, and Sisters, at home, where peace and plenty, reigns; are found living in this state of Heathenism. Many of them go entirely naked as do the natives, and keep

two or three Wives, and as many Concubines as they choose, lie on the mats, eat with their fingers, sit on the ground, and enjoy many other of the luxuries of Heathenism. I saw one here, who had wealthy friends at home, who was a complete picture of what I have now described and worse, for he was wasting away by that loathsome scourge, the just reward of licentiousness which is sweeping off the native population in most of the Isles of the Pacific.

There are more than seventy of this class of whites on the Island which we now lie at, some of them however are anxious to leave on account of the murder of several of their number, a few days since, by the natives who were no doubt put up to do so, by some of their own number, who were jealous, or in a fit of intoxication. There is a root found here, which when pounded to a pumice and the juice extracted, occasions intoxication.

The usual method of manufacturing this drink, is for a native woman, to chew the root, and spit the juice into a coco nut shell; and when a drachm of this liquid is obtained it is swallowed with as good a

relish, as the best of Rum. Now don't laugh
 or sicken at the Stomach, at the idea, for
 I have seen my own Countrymen, greedily
 swallow large doses of this Spittle, hot and
 slimy from the greasy lips of an old Squaw
 and I have had it offered to me, with the
 positive assurance that it was "good" and
 would make "drunk come" equal to the best
 of Jamaica; My reply was, that the distillery
 did not suit my fancy. Thus easily do
 the whites adopt the vices, and disgusting
 practices of the Heathen. There is however
 one disgusting habit of the natives, which I
 have never known the whites to adopt, that
 is of eating Lice, and Fleas. Still they will
 drink the rinsing of their mouths, if it comes
 impregnated with anything that can get up
 a "drunk". These habits are too disgusting
 for a place in my journal. but I record
 them to show the depravity of the human
 heart, and the blessings, of the restraints
 of good society; take off those restraints
 and ⁱⁿ nine cases out of ten, men become brutes
 and worse than brutes

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These whites came off on board our ship in great numbers, almost in an entire state of nudity and at length began to be insolent and quarrelsome, so much so that the Captain found it necessary to order them out of the ship.

They however returned in the evening, and appeared very submissive, but we mistrusted that some deep plot was being laid; some twenty of them were on board, and on going on deck, I perceived a fleet of Canoes coming off towards us. I reported this to the Capt who secretly gave orders to steer the ship out to sea, and there made every white man from the shore jump overboard and save themselves as best they could among the Canoes that were coming up towards us. There is not the slightest doubt but a plot was laid to seize our ship, and that my timely discovery of the Canoes, saved our lives.

Since my narrow escape from the treachery of Conet on Waitulaki I have been very suspicious of my own Countrymen among natives and this is the reason why I was on the look out for danger, in this case.

I consider them a set of Pirates and there is no doubt but most of the Massacre's

of Ships crews, among the natives, in the South Seas, are instigated by "white Savages" for the sake of plunder. Whether, or not, any of the men who we drove overboard, were drowned, I do not know, neither did I care if they all were, the fate was too good for them. From here we steered north West and passed a low Island called Palmerston Island, uninhabited. After cruising in the Japan Seas four months, we shaped our course for the Sandwich Islands, where we arrived November 1. 1836 nothing having occurred worth notice except having seen a most splendid Water Spout. We passed within a few hundred yards of it and I could see the water rush up with great velocity, with a spiral motion when it erupted itself in a heavy black cloud which hung over us, and in a few minutes fell back into the Ocean in the form of rain perfectly fresh, some of it fell on the ship and I tasted it. My time on board this ship, was very pleasantly passed. We had a jolly, good natured crew, and lots of fun all except one, who was inclined to be a little ugly but we soon broke him of his

bad tricks. He used to boast that he never got asleep, in his watch on deck, as some others did, and if he found any one in a snore he would be sure to play some trick. Such as giving a bucket of water as a bath, and a hint, to keep awake at the same time. But it came his turn at last.

He was found asleep one night on deck actually asleep. A half a dozen or more of us were at work at once, and in a few minutes a tackle was slung on the Main stay and a rope tied carefully round his left leg and the first that he knew, he was "going aloft" "His end up with great care". we let him hang till he begged lustily and promised to be quiet in future, when we lowered him down again.

On my arrival at the Sandwich Islands, the Missionaries gave me employment as a teacher of Music, and in taking charge of the students of the Seminary when out of school hours. There were about 70 boys from 10 to 16 years of age and I found my hands full, to keep them out of mischief.

The Sandwich Islanders, are a very docile inoffensive people, indolent, and filthy.

Having remained at the Seminary seven months, I received a proposal from Messrs Ladd & Co. Merchants in Honolulu to fill the place of head Clerk, in their establishment, which I did. Ladd & Co. my employers being extensively engaged in the manufacture of Sugar, were carrying on a very large business. These Islands lying on the direct route from South America to China, and the East Indies are visited with many ships bound in this direction they are also a place of general resort for Whale ships. Sometimes 50 ships are lying here at the same time, and they necessarily create a great amount of business.

Ladd & Co. have generally done the principal part of the business with Whale ships, amounting to some 60, or 70, thousand dollars, yearly. I remained in business in the establishment of Ladd & Co. till Jan^y 20th 1842

When I embarked for my native land, and on the 23^d day of June following I landed on the shores of America, after an absence of nearly nine years. I visited Boston and then travelled through the States of

July 9th Took Steamer Gen^l Wayne
for Sandusky City, head of Lake Erie
where I arrived on the 10th 30 hours from Buffalo 260 5 50

Paid a Landlord 14 dollars for a Horse
and waggon to Lower Sandusky 4 hours 30 4 ..
where I met my two Sisters Anna
and Celestia.

July 12th Took Stage, with my Sister Anna
to Maumee City - 5 hours - where I 30 3 ..
found the Nephew of Rev Mr Richards
at the Islands who insisted on my stopping
over night - July 13 took Canal Packet
to Providence (Ohio) 4 hours - 20 1

20th took Open Stage through a rough
unsettled country, to Fort Defiance 30 4

Here found it necessary to proceed
the remainder of the route, on horseback
through thick Morasses, and Swamps
which made it impossible to take my
sister with me. I therefore left her
in charge of my landlord's family, in
Fort Defiance, and hiring a Horse
I proceeded through a broken path, to
Rochester (Ohio) where I took dinner - 14

384 17 50

From here I proceeded until I found
 myself completely lost, in the dense forest,
 and could neither proceed, or return. Fortunately
 I discovered a Huntsman who directed
 me back to Rochester, where I spent the
 night and on the morning of the 16th Paid
 a man ten dollars to go, and return with
 me, as a guide. We mounted our Horses
 at Sunrise, and made tracks onward Fording
 rivers, Swimming our Horses through the mud
 puddles, and leaping them over fallen trees,
 Startling from their long quietude, many a
 Deer - Wild - Hogs - and Turkeys, and fairly
 crowding our way through the swarms of
 Muskitoes, who presented their Bills to us
 rather unceremoniously. There and there
 finding a log hut, jammed in among the
 trees, where no doubt a few years will
 reveal to view, extensive farms, and villages
 the crops of trees, lying rather heavy this year.
 Thus winding our way we at length came
 to a log house built on the dividing line
 between Ohio, and Indiana, having one room
 in each State, so that ^{should} the occupant offend
 against the laws of Ohio, he might just stop

into the next room, and tell the officers of
justice that he was out of the State, and visa
versa, At Sunset Arrived at my Fathers
House, in Auburn, DeKalt County, Indiana.
after an absence from them, of ten years.

I remained nearly two days with them
and returned to Rochester, where I dismissed my
guide and reached Fort Defiance at Sunset
of the 19th. The distance from My Fathers to
Defiance is 36 miles

	From Auburn back to Defiance - -	36	10	..
20 th	Took the Stage to Maumee City	50	7	"
21	" Stage to Lower Sandusky - -	30	3	"
23	" do to Cleveland and Canal Packet to New Portage	85	3	
	Visited P. A. Newell and on the	40	2	
26	returned to Cleveland, with Cousin Rosetta	40	3	50
27	Steamer Bunker Hill to Buffalo	200	10	"
28	Stage to Batavia, and Cars, to Roches- ter and Auburn -	157	12	"
30 th	Cars to Albany, and Stage to Troy	184	13	50
August 1 st	Stage to Whitehall	64	6	"
2 ^d	Steamer Burlington, to Vergennes	60	8	25
		976	81	25
				16887

keep me out of Mischiefs

Aug ^r 3	Private Carriage, to Elizabethtown	16	1 50
5	do do " Vergennes	16	1 50
"	Steamer Burlington to Whitehall	60	2
6	Canal Packet to Troy	64	2
8	Steamer Rochester to New York	166	2
9	Steamer Massachusetts to Stonington, and Cars to Boston	214	2 25
12	Steamer Express to Portland (Me)	120	2
15	Stage to Hallowell	51	2 25
		707	15 50

Having travelled 3130 Miles at a cost for fare only of \$138.50. My fodder probably cost as much more, as I had but about 5 dollars left, out of 300 which I started with. The Summer I spent alternately, in Hallowell, Boston, and New York City, during which time I transacted my necessary business, and also perpetrated Matrimony, which was not exactly necessary, but quite convenient. As Mr. Prine made the American Consul, for the Sandwich Islands, did not return, from his tour in Europe in season to meet me in the United States, as I expected, I proceeded to purchase an invoice of Goods, and on

the second day of November 1842 embarked for the Sandwich Islands, with about 15 thousand dollars worth of goods, in the Bark *Bering* Capt. B. F. Snow, Master. Paying for the passage of myself, and wife, 400 dollars. Having paid out, since I left the Sandwich Islands, ten months previous, for travelling and other private expenses, 1684 dollars. Our passengers consisted of, Mrs Dominis, Wife of a Sea Captain at the Island, and her son John, 12 years of age, Mr Frank Johnson, a Merchant at the Islands - Mr Reynolds, a Clerk, Mr & Mrs Castle Missionaries, Miss Goodale, sister to the wife of Mr Ladd one of my former employers and myself and wife, making nine of us besides a little daughter of Mr Castle, 2 years of age.

Mr Castle, Mrs Dominis and Mr Johnson are old friends of mine, having been at the Islands nearly as long as I have, and returned to the United States, only one month before me.

As I have no other employment, for the four months to come. I shall give a kind of daily journal of events. They may not prove interesting to my friends, but ~~they~~ will at least keep me out of Mischiefs.

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66
We sailed from India Wharf, Boston, Nov 2
at 2 P.M. On the 4th and 5th had a
heavy gale, everybody sea sick, which is a
very delightful sensation, not unlike that which
would be produced by swallowing three quids
of Tobacco, and then whirling round, and so on
until the sickness has abated, or till you have
vomited up everything, even the tops of your
Boots, I am the only one among the Passengers
who is not sea sick, and of course I have all
the fun, in looking on. It will be well perhaps
for me to remark, that at sea, every one is
allowed, by common usage, the privilege to laugh
at any accident, or mishap, that may befall a fellow
passenger. For instance, this morning the ship
rolled suddenly to leeward, while we were
seated at the table and upset a Cup of hot
Coffee, into the lap of one sitting to leeward,
and also a dish of gravy. Now everybody laughed
notwithstanding one person felt the mortification
of the loss of his Coffee, and another felt
the Coffee taking the mortification, out of his Shins.
The sufferers must as a matter of course, join
in the general burst of merriment at their
expense. Again, last evening, one of

our men stood on deck leaning back against a cask of water looking upwards, trying to see how many stars he could count without moving his head; the ship gave a sudden "lee lurch" out flew his heels, and his head struck on deck, with such force as to cause him to discover a great variety of stars, not laid down in any of the modern works on astronomy.

As soon as it was discovered that the poor fellow was not actually dead, every mouth was wide with a merry laugh. This propensity to turn everything into a joke, is after all a fine thing at sea, where we are shut out from the rest of the world, and entirely dependent on each other for amusement.

November 11

The gale has abated, and we are enjoying a fine breeze, and smooth sea. brought our bedding up to air, and the Ladies brought themselves up, for the same purpose. Saw several tropic Birds, and Flying Fish; the weather warm, and comfortable. In the evening - had a singing party, in the after Cabin. to the great amusement of the Canary Birds who are perched in their little wire cage, suspended.

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from the ceiling of the Cabin, They too seem
to enjoy a sea life as well as any of us.

November 12th

Strong breezes - and rough sea, Ship going
7 knots, rapidly increasing the distance between
us, and our "Father land." We have now
been out 10 days, two of which we were lying
to in the gale, having been only 8 days in
running 1800 Miles - we are now in 32 degrees
North Latitude, and 43 degrees West Longitude.

I believe the Ladies think we shall sink
as they are endeavoring to lighten ship, by casting
overboard the contents of their Stomachs,

The Cook this morning tried a new plan
for settling our Coffee, being out of fish skin
which he generally uses, he set his great black
foot into the Coffa pot, which came out again
in a great hurry, minus the skin, The Coffa
was of course settled, as was the darky's foot,
and we are settled in the opinion, that as
the Cook is the greatest sufferer, we will say
nothing about the loss of the Coffee.

The live well - and have a great
abundance of all the good eatables that Boston
could furnish - Puddings, Pies, Preserves, fruits
- ~~in great variety~~, every evening, one of

and all the Substantials. I enjoy perfect health - can eat, drink, sleep, talk, laugh, cough, sneeze, or sing; as fast, long, or loud, as any one on board - have an appetite like a Grind Stone.

November 13

This beautiful Sabbath morning I was waked by the singing of the Birds, in the cabin, - went on deck, and found the Sun just rising, clear and bright from the bosom of the tranquil Ocean.

There is no sight so beautiful to me, as the rising, and setting, Sun in pleasant weather at sea. To see night gather around her, the folds of her sable garb, and modestly retire before the advance of day, ushered in by that luminous orb rising like a vast ball of fire, out of the briny wave; is a sight that I wish you could once behold, and admire, with me.

Mr Castle and myself have determined to keep up Religious exercises, on deck, every Sabbath when the weather will permit. One of us will read a sermon from some good book and with singing, and prayer, finish the exercises.

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There is something peculiarly solemn and interesting in the performance of Religious exercises at sea; with the waves for our minstrels, and the broad arch of blue above, for our covering, cut off from all intercourse with the world isolated in the great world of waters; it seems meet that man should hold Communion with his Maker, he who "holds the winds in his fist" and the waves in the hollow of his hand,

November, 14th

The Ship has been rolling lazily, on the heavy swell of the sea, all night, without a breath of wind. This morning we took the trade wind and are now progressing slowly on our way with just such weather as Ladies like, but not so profitable to Ship owners. If we always had such weather as this at sea, the Ladies would all turn Sailors, and Spoil the trade.

The moon is in the full, beaming brightly upon us, this evening, in all its beauty. Mr Johnson, Mrs Balkin, and myself have been singing songs, the last half hour, we have excellent Music - 3 good voices, 1 Flute 1 Guitar - 1 Violin, and I have an Organ

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that plays 8 tunes, and plays half an hour, with once winding, the largest, and best one, I ever saw. I paid 32 dollars for it in Boston on purpose to amuse us, on the passage.

November. 15

How changeable are all things in this world! and how little faith can be put, in the winning smile of pleasure! No longer since than last evening I was recording for the amusement of my friends, the beauties of a delightfully pleasant moonlight evening; now I have a tale to tell, of thunder and lightning, wind and rain, of waves foaming white in a Squall.

The stern commanding voice of the Captain, issuing orders through his trumpet - the bellowing of the wind, - the heavy tread, and the shrill "Cheave ho" of the sailors executing orders, - the heavy flapping of the sails as they are taken in - the rolling, and pitching of the ship in the storm - and the flashing lightning, and growling thunder, as its echoes mingle with the voice of the tempest - all form quite a contrast to the pleasant musical "Moon Struck" party, last evening.

Still it helps to make up a variety, and I must say that I enjoy the storm to day, as well as I did the "Moonshine" last night. There is something sublime, to me, in the war of elements; to see the

noble Ship, the work of man, ride triumphantly through the battle field of the tempest, as if conscious of her own strength, and the Skill of her Commander is a sight calculated to inspire me with courage

This evening the weather is fine, and bids fair to remain so through the night, the good Ship will rock us to sleep gratis, who would not go to Sea,?

November 16.

Not a breath of wind, very hot. As we are making no progress to-day, it follows, that My mind is revelling back to the home of my youth, not that I do not think of my friends often, but because I have nothing to employ my mind upon, while the good Ship is resting herself, and preparing for another race

I do love my friends ardently, devotedly, and grieve that duty calls me to be separated from them but I trust that I live in their memory, as they all do in mine, and I entertain a visionary hope that I may settle down with them, at some future day

It matters but little, though where we pass this short and troubled life, if we can be prepared for that better state of existence, where there will be no separation of friends, where sin and sorrow can never enter to mar the happiness of the blessed

November 17. 1842

Head wind to-day, almost as bad as the calm yesterday — have made but little progress these three days past, but we must take the bitter, with the sweet

I will here give a description of our domicile. It will be supposed of course, that room on board a ship for so long a voyage must be scarce, and cost dear. I pay for every ^{cubic} ~~square~~ foot of room for my cargo of goods, half a dollar, which amounts to about 1500 dollars. By paying 400 dollars passage for myself, and wife, I am entitled to a state room 5½ feet high, 6 feet long, and 5 feet wide,

My berth is 3 feet wide leaving 2 feet space in front, this you will call close quarters, but you must first see a list of our furniture, which reads thus, Two large 4 foot Chests, two 3 foot Trunks one 2 foot do, 4 Boxes say 18 inches square, 3 small ones say nine inches, 1 Band Box 1 Wash Stand 1 Looking Glass 1 Rocking Chair (Makogony.) 2 Shelves filled with all manner of notions, and a temporary writing desk which I am now using while Mrs. C. is having a snooze in the Rocking Chair.

We are certainly very near, if not very dear to each other, I manage to dress, and undress in a lying posture, and Eucine (my wife) goes

through the same evolutions, while standing on the second joint of her foot handles. We have decided not to take in Boarders. We have been put to this inconvenience, entirely by the kindness of friends. After the Ship was full, I received several valuable presents, from my friends in Boston and was under the necessity of finding room in my state room, or of leaving them behind. Among my presents, were a beautiful set of Ivory finished table cutlery - Knives, Forks, &c, 50 pieces, which cost 31 dollars - 1 Beautiful Astral Cut glass Lamp, gilt Stand, cost 28 dollars, and one Rose wood Music stool, from my good old friend Jacob, A. Allen, to Eveline, this I prize above all the rest. coming as it does, from an Elizabethtown friend. Mrs. C. has a splendid Piano Forte, and the stool comes in play nicely. These, with others of a bulky nature, have filled us up completely, but I don't complain.

November 19.

At daylight, saw a Ship, and soon after saw a Brig and exchanged signals with her about 4 miles off our weather bow, standing the same course with us, enjoying our head wind. It is quite as comforting at sea, as on shore, to find our neighbors in as

bad a fix, as ourselves. Indeed I believe the old adage that "Misery loves company" is not confined exclusively to the shore. Poor human nature is so perverse that it is seldom that any one is willing to be the most unfortunate; although many are contented to be among the unfortunate. It is a great relief to be able to say - "I am not alone in my misery!"

"There's a poor fellow as bad off as we." "He can't swim"
Now whether this principle in our nature is an innate feeling of envy, or not, I am unable to say; if it is so, we this morning must be set down as a notoriously envious set of beings, judging from the grin of gratification that sat perched on every face when Captain Snow said concerning the Brig in sight, "There's a poor fellow now, with the wind in his teeth, as well as we" "That's some consolation" "we can stand it as long as he can, at any rate" "he has nothing to brag of."

We have had strong head winds with a heavy sea, all day, the ship bobbing over it first one end up, and then the other; the same might be said of some of our passengers who have not yet got the "hang of the ship", but we have the most stirring time, at the table, where it is necessary to hold on to the table, with one hand

to keep from going over backwards, when the ship rolls and with the other to hold on to the Plate knife, fork, coffee cup, and spoon and then eat with both, and the variety of catables at the same time dancing about the table and sometimes on to the floor, butter side down of course

But as I said before every mishap is turned to a joke consequently jokes are not unpequent.

Time how art thou fled! Another week has died a natural death, and we are seven days farther from our dear native land and nearer to the haven of rest, to which we are all hastning. May we all be prepared to meet that great, and final change.

November 21st

Fair wind driving us rapidly to the Southward the weather very warm. Nothing new has occurred and I am out of matter for my pen; Like an Irishman I have scratched my head for an idea, till I am convinced there is "nobody at home"

This is a beautiful evening, really delightful Singing is the

"Order of the night

"By the pale Moonlight

while the stars wink sharp, and spiteful

like a Lady's eye, in a pet,

You see I am poetically inclined

November 22

There is so much of monotony in a sea life that it is impossible to find anything sufficiently interesting to fill up every day in a journal. Consequently you will not be surprised to find many days unnoticed in my Book. We have it very warm to-day, the wind coming off from the coast of Africa, is dry, and parching, we all feel it sensibly. We have now got accustomed to the ship, and acquainted with each other, and I think we enjoy ourselves finely. In studying character, I find the following traits among us.

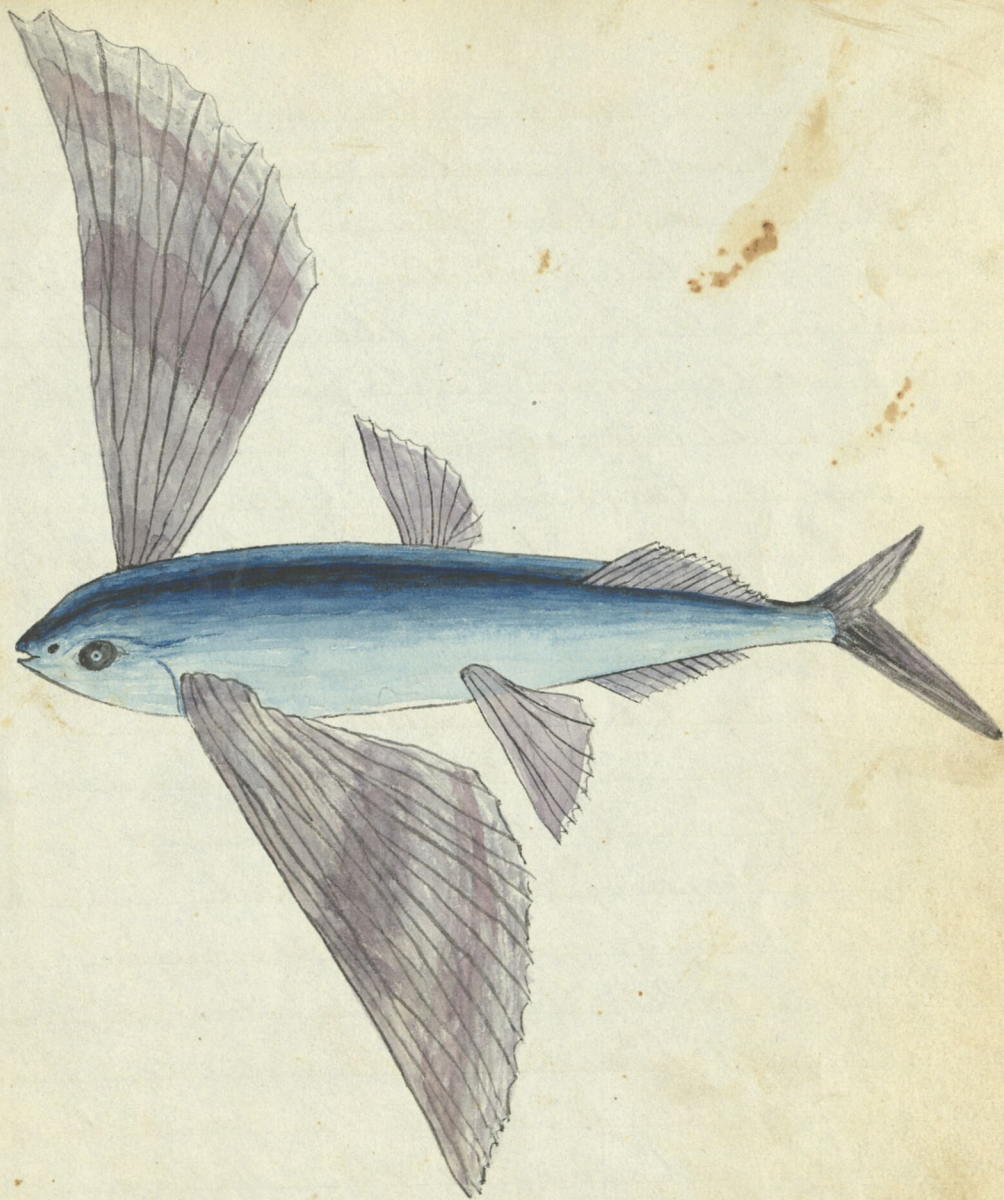
Captain Snow - decision - Mr Knox, the Mate - ludicrous, Mr Castle - Historical - descriptive - and scrupulous, Mrs Castle pleasing but unobserving, Mrs Dominis - affable, affectionate and interesting, Mr Johnson - Polite, and rather retiring - Mr Reynolds - observing, Argumentative frank, and easy in his manners - Myself you know, and my wife - I know, - full of life and ambition - rather witty - When well shaken up together (which is often the case) we form a very pleasant and agreeable antidote against the Blues, and other ills of life

November 26th

This morning, received a call from a Flying Fish much to the delight of the Ladies, who expressed their joy in a very decided manner, at the breakfast table. It is very convenient after all, when we wish a taste of fresh fish to have one just come on board and offer himself to the Cook. We see great numbers of them to-day, flying away from the ship, as she rushes through the water, sometimes dropping exhausted on deck, in attempting to fly over us, from which they are unable to rise.

Like some poor mortal, who has been guilty of misfortune, or has to answer for the sin of poverty the poor Flying Fish, is the hunted victim of persecution, oppression, and destruction. Constantly haunted, and pursued, by some more favored of the finny tribe, they rise from their native element to escape the jaws extended for their destruction, and are instantly pounced upon, and borne off in triumph by some hungry inhabitant of the upper element.

The drawing on the opposite page represents one, only half the common size, they are from 10 to 12 inches in length. The colors and form are taken from life, and are correct.



Flying Fish

Sunday November 27

Another beautiful Sabbath morning beams upon us. What would I not give for the echoes of a Church Bell! this is all that is wanting to make it appear like a Christian Sabbath.

Had our meeting on deck as usual, at ten O'clock. Singing sounds sweetly in a clear open atmosphere.

Sail ho! was echoed on deck and a large ship was seen bearing down for us. She proved to be the Bark Britannia of Glasgow, from Calcutta, bound to London.

What can be more cheering and beautiful to the weary eye of the "Ocean traveller" than to speak a ship

To discover a white speck, in ^{the} far distant horizon and watch it, as it gradually rises, and swells out into a lofty, towering pillar of white, rushing through the water, bending gracefully to the breeze, and bowing to the waves as they roll beneath her, dashing the spray, like a thousand silver bubbles, in the sunshine around her bows.

Then as she passes, to see her decks crowded with men at their stations, and her commander, with an immense trumpet, growling forth in a voice of thunder, "Ship Ahoy!! What ship is that,? Where are you from? Where bound? How long out? Please to report me!!" is all interesting to one who has for weeks, surveyed the

dim distance, without meeting a single object to relieve the eye from the monotony of, Sky and water.

If one could just run to the Post Office, or Reading Room, and pick up the news, or if the Ladies could pick up a new subject of gossip, could cook up a new dish of scandal just for a variety, it would be interesting, but as I stated before, we are a little world by ourselves, cut off from the mass of men and manners, dependent upon ourselves, for fun, and polick, happily in this instance, an abundant source.

This evening the phosphorescence of the water, as the Ship rushes through it, is extremely brilliant looking like a myriad of Lightning bugs, in a pan of milk.

Mr Johnson, and Euline, have been singing song while I accompany them with the Flute; rather in contrast with the darkness of a cloudy night, lit up at intervals by the fitful flashes of Lightning, suddenly blazing over the dark water, and again vanishing, leaving darkness more visible, The heat is oppressive.

I can imagine you Elizabethaniers, now toasting your Shins, by a good fire to keep warm, while I am taking quite as much pains to keep from melting away, and evaporating, even the Butter on the table is so soft that it is difficult to take it up on a knife.

November 28

This day is ushered in by no very striking effort of nature, towards the beautiful - Thick and cloudy betokening a change of weather, which we must expect as we draw so near the Equator, At 2 P.M. it commenced raining, which brought us all on deck some for the sport of getting a ducking, and others to catch rain water, for washing, and for the Pigs

It being Monday, it was decided to call it washing day, and in a few minutes my fishing lines, were in requisition for drying sundry Towels, pocket Handkerchiefs, &c, that had just been restored to an original hue, The shower has killed the wind which is like cutting off our wings, but the air is cooled, and comfortable this evening

November 30

Saw a Brig to windward and passed within five miles of her. When nearly opposite, each other we set the American flag, and she, in answer hoisted aloft the Dutch Ensign, she was no doubt a Dutch east India man bound to Holland or Amsterdam - You see that politeness is not confined to the land, Capt Snow by setting our colors said to the Dutchman "Good Morning, What Country do you sail from,

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a pleasant passage to you" He by hoisting
the ensign of his Country, returned the compliment
All this was done with as much ease, and grace,
and almost as quick as two Sandies would have
tipped their beavers in Broad Way, the etiquette
is known, and understood, by all nations, Vessels
frequently pass each other, without exchanging signals
but if one should make a signal and the other
refuse to answer it; it would be as decided an
insult as to offer your hand to a friend, and have
it rejected, In fact any vessel is considered in
the eye of law, and the custom of nations, a
Pirate, unless she show the flag of her Country
and she would be seized by any vessel of War
as such.

December 1st

Head winds again - for our consolation - Saw
the Ship Admittance that sailed from Boston
8 days before us - also spoke the Brig Hannah
of Baltimore bound to Rio Grande. We have
beat the ship 8 days in 30 - and the Brig 4 days

The sail like the wind, nothing can beat us
Our ship is new, being the first time she
smelt salt water

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December 4, 1842

At eight o'clock last evening while we were amusing ourselves on deck, by singing songs, a hoarse voice was heard hailing the ship, as if from a distance over her bows, and directly after, a sailor came running towards us, with a large sealed package, saying that a human being, or something looking like one, had come up over the bows and ordered the package to be delivered instantly to Captain Snow.

Of course there was a great excitement on board among the Ladies, especially, and there was an end to our singing - A light was called for, and Captain Snow in presence of us all, proceeded to examine the mysterious package. Whether a Pirate vessel had sent Spies on board of us, under cover of the night, or a ship in distress, had sent for relief or some Supernatural night wanderer had honored us with a visit, was yet to be ascertained. Of course every eye was bent with anxious gaze, upon the mysterious document as Cap^t Snow brought it to the light, and the interest of the lookers on was not a whit abated, when the wrapper of the package revealed to view the very comical picture, on the opposite page. Neptune! Neptune!! cried half a dozen voices in a breath, "We are crossing the



Equator, and the old "Sea God," has sent his
compliments; The Seal was broken and the following
Communication read for the Special instruction and amuse-
ment of all the "Green Horns" (those who ^{had} ^{never} before crossed
the Equator)

His Imperial Oceanic Majesty

— NEPTUNE —

KING OF THE SEAS & UNIVERSAL NAUTICAL SOVEREIGN

— TO —

Captain B. F. Snow

GREETING

Whereas, it hath pleased you again to
appear in my dominions, it becometh our Royal
Dignity to welcome you with such demonstration
of friendship as has been our custom from time
immemorial, to extend to all our Ally's —

But as a serious rebellion has recently, and still continues to agitate my kingdom, whereby the winds have changed their wonted course, and my native element has been in great commotion; as you have witnessed, I shall not feel it safe to vacate my throne of Dominion for a length of time sufficient to make you an Official formal visit—

This I the more sincerely regret as I behold with my magic glass, among your associates, many familiar faces of long tried and faithful subjects whom I gladly welcome back, to my Equatorial Domain

I also perceive that Strangers, compose a part of your company who should be duly initiated into the mysteries of our creed, as they pass the bounds which must make them, either my Loyal Subjects; or my enemies, and spies, subject to my Royal displeasure. I have therefore issued this, my Royal Decree— That every stranger on board your gallant Bark shall either, tell a story,

Sing a song, or pledge me in a bumper, in failure of which, you are authorized to enforce the following penalty— That the Ladies, shall not be allowed to speak, for the space of ten minutes

And that the gentlemen are forbid to be astonished at the silence of the Ladies (mysterious though

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And that little John Pomius be forbid to laugh
while "Silence reigns", and furthermore the said
Saucy John shall be Christned, by allowing
himself to be shaved, according to custom of older
time. And Whereas; the new Bark
Bhering has never yet received a passport into my
dominions, it will be expected that her noble
Commander will preside at a social party
where the old Sea God will not be forgotten
in sentiment, or song, I am Coarse of Speech
and grim of feature, but drink in Melody
like water, indeed one half of my Imperial
title is composed of a — tune

In testimony of which, I hereunto
attach my Car of State which will be a
passport to any portion of my dominions.
Neptune

The above was written on a sheet of yellow paper
newspaper size and the Car of State attached at the
bottom in place of a seal

Who it was, that wrote and painted this
Comical document, remains a secret on board.

But you may guess within half a mile where
it came from, the joke "went off", "first rate"
and we had fine times over it. I laid my plans
immemorial, as you can see

Perhaps some of you may not understand, this Ceremony of Shaving, when crossing the Equator, I will explain. Neptune you will recollect, among the ancient deities, was the God of the Sea, It has been customary therefore in times past, (and still is by some) to receive a pretended visit from him in person, when crossing the Equator, on which occasion all of the "Green horns" (those who have never before crossed the line) are obliged to undergo a Shaving, and many of them really believe at the time; that Neptune is the author of the mischief, and a witness to the performance.

Some old Sailor who understands the Secret, is generally disguised and comes up apparently out of the water, over the Ships bows, with a trumpet and hails her demanding to know who commands her, where she is from, and where bound, and then asks "have you any of my Children on board"? (Green hands) if so he orders the Captain, to get all in readiness for Shaving.

They are all blindfolded and dragged to a large tub where Neptune's Barber applies a good Coat of lather, generally composed of Tar grease - Dish water, and the contents of the Pig Sty. these ingredients are mixed and applied with a coarse broom, which spares

neither eyes, nose, or mouth, and then some rusty piece of iron hoop, or the back of an old handsaw, is brought to operate for a Razor; giving heed to the good advice, and counsel ~~instructed~~ of King Solomon, found in Ecclesiastes 10th Chap. 10th Verse.

If the patient is at all disposed to be quarrelsome, he is ordered (by Neptune) to be "keel hauled" that is, a rope is tied around his body and he is thrown overboard on one side of the Ship, and is hauled down under the Ship's bottom, and up on the other side. his face is then washed in brine or pepper sauce and the bandage is removed from his eyes, but "Neptune has just gone"

December 8th

Fresh breezes, and clear Sky. This morning, sent a Brig bound in to South America — also spoke the Bark Ida, of Hamburg, bound in to St Augustine. She was a beautiful Ship for a Dutchman, but we out sailed her. She hailed us in Dutch, and we answered in English probably to the edification of all parties —

December 10th

Hurrah! for our side! Great accession to our passenger list - The old Sow had 8 Pigs last night, a great event with us, of course.

We all paid our respectful addresses to the good old Matron this morning, congratulating her a little, and ourselves a good deal - on her accession to her family group - how strange that Selfishness will insinuate itself into our most benevolent deeds!! They are beautiful Pigs and we all feel a deep interest in their future destiny but I really fear the little dears will be ruined by a want of taste in bringing them up. You have no idea what a day of excitement it has been.

Have you seen the Pigs? - what nice little Roasters they will make! - just in time! - they will be fit for the oven, as soon as the Fowls and Ducks are gone! - Even little Mary Castle got the Pig fever to such an extent that I had to make her a drawing of one on paper.

But what most puzzles us, is to know how the good old Swinish dame, could happen to know that we were in want of such a donation, just at this time.

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December 11th

Very cloudy - fair wind running 8 knots rapidly dradring towards Cape horn. the good Bark *Shering* is dashing through the growling waves with a desperation, truly delightful

Heavy showers of rain drive us below making us rather uncomfortable, as we are now near the Zenith of the Sun, with the heat oppressive Sail ho! a Bark homeward bound passing 10 miles to windward, also a Brig evidently bound round Cape Horn

December 20th

I have just recovered from an attack of Asthma, and am hardly able to write. We are running off 9 knots with a fair wind, the weather is becoming chilly, and the Birds and Porpoises that begin to play around us, denote our proximity to a cold region. The little planet called Earth is but a small affair after all. How rapidly we pass from one climate to another. On the first of November I was shivering over a fire in Boston. On the third of December 32 days after, I crossed the Equator. December 13 I passed the Tropic of Capricorn with the Sun exactly over head

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broiling hot, and now Dec 20, only 7 days after, are again pinched with the cold and have to look away North to find the Sun at mid day. When I arrive at the Sandwich Islands this time, I shall have been on the sea three years, six months, and fifteen days all together; in which time I have sailed, one hundred and seventy eight thousand, two hundred and ninety six Miles (178,296) equal to more than seven times the circuit of the Earth. —

Shall have visited South America twice, and 12 different groups of Islands, — and become familiar with 5 different languages. I do not speak of these things to boast, for I have not yet fairly begun to travel, but to show that as I said before, the Earth is a small affair compared with my ideas before I left home

December 28

The Falkland Islands are in sight vast numbers of Albatross, and Penguin are seen daily. The Penguin cannot fly, they swim out to sea some hundreds of miles from land

January 2^d 1843

Very thick and Foggy, at one o'clock saw Staten Land ahead. three quarters of a mile distant run round the west side and attempted to pass through the Straits of Le Maire, between Staten Land, and Tierra del Fuego, but when about half way through, the wind which had been fair suddenly came round, dead ahead blowing a living gale. The Ship was put about and we kept her before the gale, retracing our course which brought her head to the heavy sea, which the opposite wind had made and the tide had tumbled up into miniature mountains.

Thus our good little Ship rushed through the roaring water, before the wind, and at meeting every heavy sea from the opposite direction she would plunge through them deluging her decks the crew holding on to whatever they could grasp to prevent being washed overboard. We were hemmed in by land on either side, the channel being only 20 miles wide so that we must, either let her drive into the sea, with the probability of foundering or drive ashore with the certainty of destruction and to add to our troubles night was fast closing in dark and foggy

Just before dark, two heavy seas, broke over us in quick succession, not giving the water time to run off from the deck. She groaned, staggered and trembled in every timber, and in that moment I really believe that every Spike, and Bolt in her, shed a tear. the next moment she struggled to the surface, shook herself, and prepared for another deadly combat with the foaming billows. There ~~was~~ was a terrible commotion in "Neptune's Wash tub" just then - had the third sea broke over her she would have gone down. The Sailors were some of them washed aft by the sea and dashed against the companion way, two men were on the jib Boom, and the third on the Royal yard but were saved by a miracle.

The Passengers were all below, and the doors barred fast, to prevent the water from rushing below. For near half an hour, the ship was under water half of the time. Imagine to yourself, dear reader, the heavy mountain waves rolling towards us, and the ship, rushing to to meet them; sometimes plunging through a heavy sea head foremost and again rising over another which ~~would~~ would pass so quick as to fairly drop from under her, and let her fall into

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the hollow of the sea, and before she could rise, another frightful wave would tumble in over her bows, sweeping everything before it.

Most of us were quite contented to go to bed supperless. Every one who goes to sea must expect to experience at least one Miraculous escape, one awful danger must be recorded for the amusement and instruction of friends on shore. This was ours no doubt, as we could not well survive a worse one and our danger was as real as it was awful. What renders this a very dangerous place, is the strong current that runs through here from the Pacific Ocean round the Cape; this current meeting a wind from the opposite direction makes a short and almost perpendicular sea nearly like breakers on a rocky shore, this however is not dangerous when sailing with the swell, as we were when we went into the straits. Our misfortune was, in having a sudden head wind making it necessary to face the waves, just in the very worst part of the passage. Had the wind continued fair, two hours longer we should have passed the straits and saved two days sail by it. We had an anxious night, but daylight found us out of danger.



J.E.T. del.

again, very rapidly

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January 21. 1842

As it has been impossible to write while the ship has been rolling, and pitching, combating the elements off Cape Horn, I shall now give all that I can recollect that is worth relating, as I can best bring it to mind, in looking back upon the past.

In the first place, contrary winds drove us down to 60 degrees South Latitude about 300 miles south of Cape Horn. Here we experienced a succession of Gales - Calms - Squalls - Hail - Rain - and Snow, for 6 days, without making any progress.

I was sick most of the time from the effects of the cold - Finding we were likely to be

many days detained here, Captain Snow had a small stove set up in the dining room, and as I was so much of a lover of warm weather.

I received the appointment of "Engineer in Chief of the Fire department" and you may rest assured that I spared neither pains, nor coal to keep the stove, clad in a Red Sock

and such "nice times" as we had. cracking nuts and jokes - Singing songs - telling stories - and Boiling and putting Molasses Candy, made Cape Horn seem not so disagreeable an affair after all.

At length, our wayward found us out of danger

One day a notice was found posted up in large capitals "Concert of Vocal Music this evening at the Molasses Candy Saloon" Of course we had a full house, and fine times, Sung a good deal and laughed more, and to vary the scene Mr Johnson - Reynolds - and myself have formed a club called the "whistling trio" where we do up music, probably equal to old Ben - Franklin, when practicing on the instrument which cost him the entire contents, of his juvenile breeches pocket

During this cold weather, it has become quite common for most of the passengers to prefer a warm bed to a hot cup of Coffee leaving many empty seats at the Breakfast table. But the other morning by some means or other the fire burnt well but the smoke, the villainous smoke, missed the way up the stove pipe and seemed determined to play its pranks, in the regions of space, below decks

The harder I tried to make the stove draw, the more it wouldn't draw - In a few minutes a cough - a sneeze - a groan - and an involuntary "Oh dear!" from the different state rooms, told plainly that it could not well be written over their doors "Nobody at home" I enjoyed the sport, but said nothing again, very rapidly

12 02
The fire grew hotter - the smoke thicker and the effects in the state rooms - more audible - when the following conversation took place - Oh! (said one) "Smoky Mr Calkin?" Yes:- said I the stove wont draw - Oh Dear! says another, "how it does smoke" "Where on earth does all this smoke come from" says a third "I shall Suffocate" says a fourth "What is the Matter Mr Calkin? why says I it smokes" "Well do stop it then," It wont stay stoppt and by this time My eyes and lungs gave out and I rushed up on deck to snuff one breath of fresh air, and the echoes of the afflicted below came up after me, borne on the wings of smoke that rolled up the gangway like the discharge of an 18 pounder, and in a few seconds the poor sufferers came tumbling up the gangway like a drove of Rab, out of a burning stable puffing - blowing - sneezing and rubbing their eyes, so unceremoniously opened. What is the fuss cried the mate? as nightcaps - Night Shirts - and drawings encasing their tenants; made their sudden appearance on deck, like so many Ghosts, in white rainment "Horrid times below", cried one of the smoky victims, whose good nature got a little agitated as I replied that "it would all end in smoke" ~~and~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~gangway~~ found us out of danger

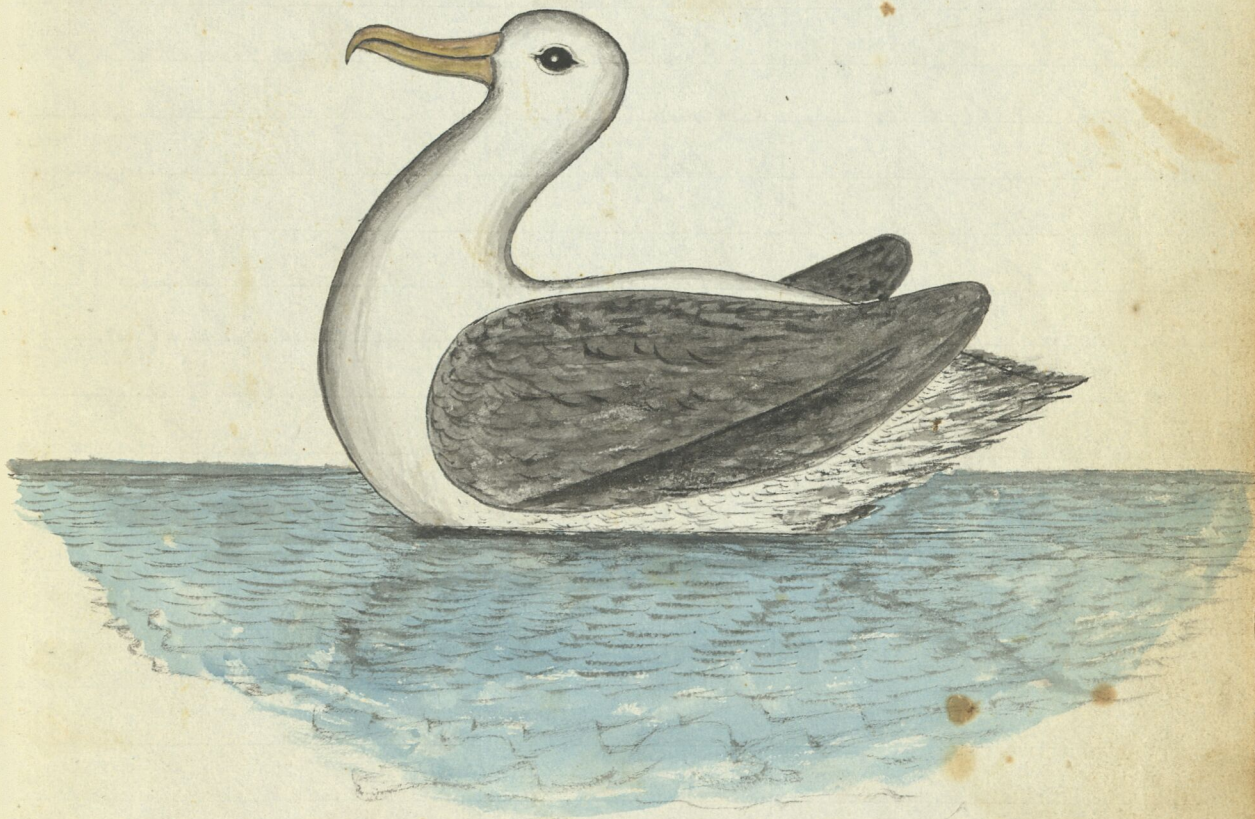
The consequence was, that the smoke soon found its way out at the proper channel, and the seats were all filled at the table. Some of them half suspected that it was a trick of mine and I enjoyed it just as well as if they had guessed right the first time. At Breakfast the general topic of conversation turned upon the properties of Smoke. I maintained that it is an excellent remedy for weak eyes. How so? asked one of the Ladies. because I replied. it is known by all, that Water is the weakest liquid known and that no application is better calculated to extract from one's eyes that liquid, than Smoke. Of course I carried the Argument.

Our days, off Cape Horn were very long the Sun rises at half past two, and sets at half past nine, being above the horizon 19 hours, daylight does not leave us entirely at any time, it is so light, all night (if not cloudy) that I can see to read by daylight. Three days sail South from here the Sun does not set for some weeks together at this season of the year.

We are now steering North through the South Pacific Ocean and the weather grows warmer again, very rapidly.

Yesterday I caught a beautiful Albatross measuring ten feet and three inches from tip to tip of the wings. He was a beautiful white bird with dark gray wings, and very large black eyes and probably the first one that ever set for a portrait (which I took of him). He was so large as to be unable to fly from the deck; after the Ladies had examined the beautiful creature and plucked some specimens of down from his breast I fastened to his neck a piece of Copper plate by a fine wire, on which I had engraved the following inscription. "Bark Bhering, from Boston to the Sandwich Islands January 20. 1843 Latitude 36 South - Longitude 84 West" I then threw him overboard and he soared away to carry the news to the next vessel that might decoy him, as we did.

They sometimes follow a ship for weeks together and are easily taken by a hook and line towed astern. they seize the bait and the hook fastens in the hooked point of the bill and they are easily drawn on board.



ALBATROSS

Their wings have 3 joints, the hip joint points downwards when folded (See picture)

31
32
- 86
Sunday January 27. 1823

This is one of the most delightfully pleasant days I ever witnessed - a Pacific Ocean scene in its perfection.

Every one of us comes out this morning arrayed in goodly apparel - our Sunday best of course - had a Roast Pig for dinner, with the trimmings.

At 4 P.M. saw the Island of Massafuera about 50 miles distant, Juan Fernandez is about 90 miles from us, but it is cloudy in that direction, or we might possibly see it.

At Sunset spoke the Whale Ship Lexington of Nantucket - Captain Weeks (a son of the Captain Weeks who rescued me and my comrades after we landed on Raratonga succeeding our Ship Wreck and Boat Sail in 1836) He came on board and was happy to learn through me that his father's family were well, when I left Hallowell in October last. Capt Weeks brought on board a good supply of Sweet Potatoes, Squashes, and Onions which he has just obtained in South America.

These of course are a great treat to us but after all the greatest treat is to have a visit from a stranger, to see a new face to gaze on a set of features that have not

been staring us in the face, for 3 months past
 Having told, and heard all the news the
 Boat was manned and after many wishes
 of a pleasant passage to us, and good success
 to him he took leave of us, and we are
 now winding our way over the trackless bosom
 of the Pacific, The Albatross that have followed
 us for several weeks have now deserted us &
 taken their flight back to the cold regions of Cape
 Horn, & we are now alone

Honolulu San^{to} 11th
 March 30th 1843

We arrived here on the 17th after a passage
 of 13^{1/2} ^{days} nothing occurring worth recording since
 January. We find that the English have
 taken possession of the Islands, but trade
 is still good. A ship is just to
 sail for N. States and I shall send
 this without further addition

Respectfully &c

M. J. Jackson





